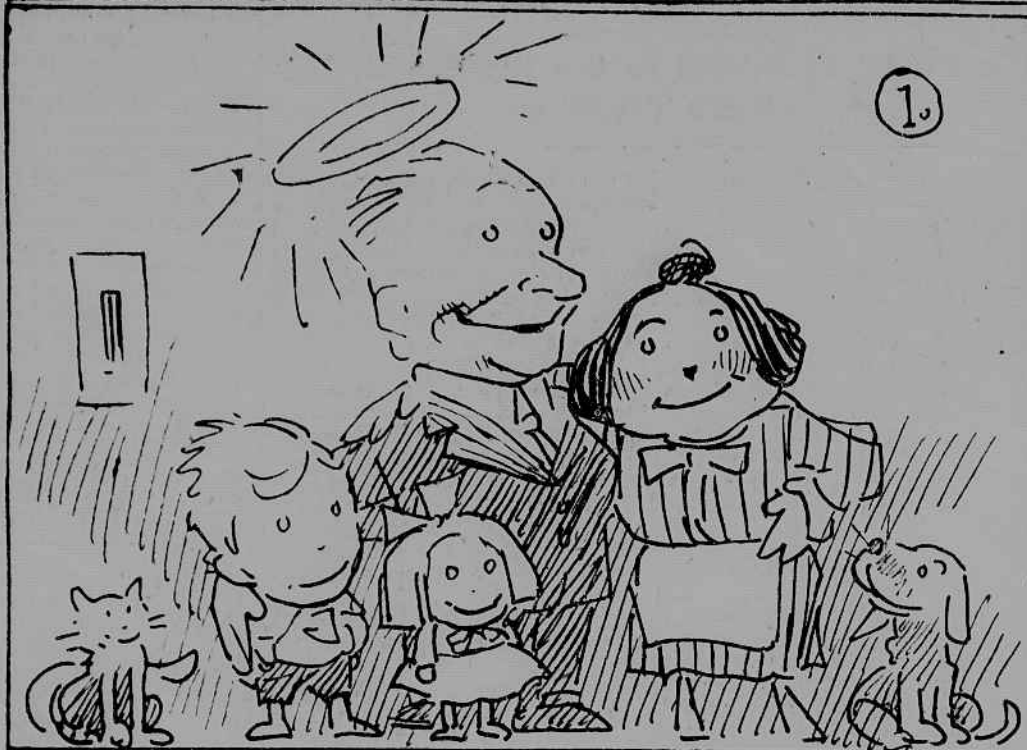


# WE HAVE WITH US TODAY

BY GRANTLAND RICE  
& J.N. DING...



## The Candidate's Hidden Life.

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Phil Tompkins was a citizen  
Who led a normal life;  
The neighbors held him in respect  
And liked his sterling wife;  
No breath of scandal down the years  
Had ever touched his name,  
Beyond the petty faults of man  
That come to every game.

Phil was no hero, I'll admit,  
And yet he was no crook;  
His life, so far as one could read,  
Was like an open book;  
And so he moved along the beat,  
Esteemed by low and high,  
Until he entered politics  
And caught the Public Eye.

Where was the man of yesterday  
Whose character had gleamed?  
Where was the simple citizen,  
Respected and esteemed?  
Old voters who had known him long  
And always thought him sound  
Picked up the Opposition Press  
And this is what they found:

"The nation can't afford to have  
A man of Tompkins' type;  
No less than seven years ago  
He overcharged for tripe;  
Still worse than this---in '92,  
To prove his deeper shame,  
His uncle drank a glass of beer  
And played a poker game."

"A vote for Tompkins," so they read  
Without the slightest halt,  
"Is but a vote for burglary,  
For murder and assault"---  
"Ten years ago his cousin's niece,  
Caught in a shady deal,  
Was fired for selling rabbit skins  
In place of Hudson seal."

They proved that he had held his seat  
Within a subway train,  
The while a female voter stepped  
Upon his feet in vain;  
And one big headline carried this---  
"CONFESSION THAT APPALLS---"  
"Admits he never ploughed a field  
Or worked in overalls."

Alas, for Tompkins' honored name!  
His wife was soon in tears;  
The neighbors' children met his kids  
And greeted them with jeers;  
And yet we often wonder why,  
With sundry growls and kicks,  
So many people do not care  
To enter politics.

